ALL SAINTS. 6. Doudney in Good Words. Men may not mark them in the crowded ways;
The noisy world forgets to blame or praise
The poor in spirit; yet they pass along
Through silent paths, and make them glad with song;
Theirs is the Kingdom where Love reigns supreme,
And Faith soars higher than the poet's dream;
Wrapped in the sunlight of eternal day.

Bilessed are they.

God knows the patient souls who do His will;
The mourners who can suffer and he still,
Waiting in silence for His healing balm;
The meek, whose hands shall clasp the victor's palm;
The hungry ones, whom He alone can feed;
The merciful; the pure in heart and deed;
The pracemakers—of these I hear Him say,
Blessed are they.

ther, we pray Thee that Thy light may shine

THE MASK.

BY RICHARD MARSH 1.

Wigmakers have brought their art to such perfection that it is difficult to detect false hair from real. Why should not the same skill be shown in the manufacture of a mask. Our faces in one sense are nothing but masks. Why should not the imitation ce as good as the reality? Why, for instance, should not this face of nine, as you see it, be nothing but a mask—a something which I can take off and on?"

She laid her two hands softly against her cheeks. There was a ring of laughter in her voice.

voice, "Such a mask would not only be, in the high-

"Such a mask would not only be, in the highest sense, a work of art, but it would also be a thing of beauty—a joy forever."

"You think that I am beautiful?"

I could not doubt it—with her velvet skin just tinted with the bloom of health, her little dimpled chin, her ripe red lips, her fishing t-eth, her great, inscrutable dark eyes, her wealth of hair which gleamed in the sunlight. I told her "So you think that I am beautiful? How odd

-how very odd."
I could not tell if she was in jest or earnest. Her lips were parted by a smile. But it did not seem to me that it was laughter which was in

seem to me that it was large.

"And you have only seen me, for the first time,
seem hours ago?"

"Such has been my ill-fortune."

"Such has been my ill-fortune."

She rose. She stood for a moment looking

"And you think there is nothing in my theory about—a mask?"
"On the contrary, I think there is a great deal

"On the contrary, I think there is a great deal in any theory you may advance."

A waiter brought me a carri upon a salver.
"Gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

I glanced at the card. On it was printed,
"George Davis, Scotland Yard." As I was looking at the piece of pasteboard she passed behind me.
"Perhaps I shall see you again, when we will continue our discussion about—a mask."

I rose and bowed. She went from the veranda down the steps into the garden. I turned to the

I rose and bowed. She went from the veranda down the steps into the garden. I turned to the waiter. "Who is that hely?"

"I don't know her name, sir. She came in last night. She has a private sitting-room at No. 22."
He hesitated. Then he anded, "I am net sure, dr, but I think the hely's name is Jaynes—Mrs. Jaynes."

"Where is Mr. Davis? Show him into my mem."

National Water is Air. Davis room.

I went to my room and awaited him. Mr. Davis proved to be a short, spare man, with irongray whiskers and a quiet, unassuming manner. "You had my telegram, Mr. Davis?"

"We did, sir."

"I believe you are not unacquainted with my same?"

"I believe you are not unacquainted with my name?"

"Know it very well, sir."

"The circumstances of my case are so peculiar. Mr. Davis, that instell of going to the local police, I thought it better to at once place myself in communication with headquarters," Mr. Davis bowed. "I came down vesterday atternoon by the express from Paddington. I was alone in a first-class carriage. At Swindon a young gestleman got in. He seemed to me to be about twenty-three or four years of age, and utanistakably a gentleman. We had some conversation together. At Bath he offered me a drink out of his flask. It was getting evening then. I have been hard at it for the last few weeks. Levas tired. I suppose I fell asleep. In my sleep I dreamed."

"You dreamed?"

"I dreamed that I was being robbed." The detective smiled. "As you surmise, I woke up to find that my dream was real. But the curious part of the matter is that I am unable to tell you where my dream ended, and where my wakefulness began. I dreamed that something was leaning over me, rilling my person—some hideous, gasping thing which, in its eagerness, kept emitting short cries which were of the nature of barks. Although I say I dreamed this, I am not at all sure I divinot actually see it taking place. The purse was drawn from my trousers pocket: something was taken out of

dreamed this, I am not at all safe I art has account see it taking place. The purse was drawn from see it taking place. The purse was taken out of it. I distinctly heard the chink of money, and then the purse was returned to where it was before. My watch and chain were taken, the study out of my churt, the links from my wrist-bands. before. My watch and chain were as wrist-bands, out of my shirt, the links from my wrist-bands. My pocketbook was treated as my purse had been something was taken out of it, and the book returned. My keys were taken. My dressing-bag was taken from the rack, opened, and articles were taken out of it, though I could not see what articles they were. The bag was replaced on the rack, the keys in my pocket."

"Didn't you see the face of the person who did all this?"

"That was the curious part of it. I tried to,

"Didn't you see the face of the person who did all this?"

"That was the curious part of it. I tried to, but I failed. It seemed to me that the face was hidden by a veil."

"The thing was simple enough. We shall have to look for your young gentleman friend."

"Wait till I have finished. The thing—I say the thing because, in my dream, I was strongly, nay, horribly under the impression that I was at the mercy of some sort of animal, some creature of the ape or monkey tribe."

"There, estainly, you dreamed."

"You think so? Still, wait a mement. The thing, whatever it was, when it robbed me, opened my shirt at the breast, and deliberately tearing my skin with what seemed to me to be its talons, put its mouth to the wound, and gathering my flesh between its teeth, bit me to the hone. Here is sufficient evidence to prove that then, at least, I did not dream."

Inbuttoning my shirt I showed Mr. Davis the open cicatrice.

copen cicatrice.

"The pain was so intense that it awoke me. I spring to my feet. I saw the thing."

"You saw it?"

"I saw it. It was cronching at the other end of the carriage. The door was open I saw it for an instant as it leaped into the night."

"At what rate do you suppose the train was traveling?"

"The carriage blinds were drawn. The train

for an instant as it leaped into the night."

"At what rate do you suppose the train was travelling?"

"The carriage blinds were drawn. The train had just left Newton Abbot. The creature must have been biting me when the train was actually drawn up at the platform. It leaped out of the carriage as the train was restarting."

"And you say you saw the face?"

"I did. It was the face of a devil."

"Excuse me, Mr. Fountain, but you're not trying on me the plot of your next novel—just to see how it goes?"

"I wish I were, my lad, but I am not. It was the face of a devil—so hideous a face that the only detail I was able to grasp was that it had a pair of eyes which gleamed at me like burning coals."

"Where was the young gentleman?"

"He had disappeared."

"Precisely. And I suppose you did not only dream you had been robbed?"

"I had been robbed?"

"I had been robbed ?"

"I had been robbed left in my purss."

"Now, perhaps you will give me the description of the young gentleman and his flask?"

"I swear it was not he who robbed me."

"The possibility is that he was disguised. To my eye it seems unreasonable to suppose that he should have removed his disguise while engaged in the very act of robbing you. Anyhow, you give me his description, and I shouldn't be surprised if I was able to lay my finger on him on the spot."

I described him—the well-knit young man, with his merry eyes, his slight moustache, his graceful

the spot."

I described him—the well-knit young man, with his merry eyes, his slight moustache, his graceful

manners.

"If he was a thicf, then I am no judge of character. There was something about him which to my eyes, marked him as emphatically a gentle-

to my eyes, marked him as emphatically a gentlemon."

The detective only smiled.

"The first thing I shall have to do will be to telegraph all over the country a list of the stolen property. Then I may possibly treat myself to a little private think. Your story is rather a curious one, Mr. Fountain, and then later in the day I may want to say a word or two to you again. I shall find you here?"

I said that he would. When he had gone I sat down and wrote a letter. When I had finished the letter I went along the corridor to sard the front door of the hotel. As I was going I saw in front of me figure—the figure of a man. He was standing still, and his back was turned my way. But something about him struck me with such a sudden force of recognition that, stepping short, I stared. I suppose I must, unconsciously, have uttered some sort of exclamation, because the instant I stopped short, with a quick movement he wheeled right round. We faced each other.

"You!" I exclaimed.

I hurried forward with a cry of recognition. He advanced, as I thought, to greet me. But he had only taken a step or two in my direction when he unred into a room upon his right, and shutting the door behind him, disappeared.

"The man in the train!!" I told myself.

If I had had any doubt upon the subject his

sudden disappearance would have cleared my doubt away. If he was anxious to avoid a meeting with me all the more reason why I should seek an interview with him. I went to the door of the room which he had entered and, without the slightest hesitation, I turned the handle. The room was empty—there could be no doubt of that. It was an ordinary hotel is siting room, own brother to the one which I occupied myeek, and, as I saw at a glance, contained no article of furniture behind which a person could be concealed. But at the other side of the room was another door.

"My gentleman," I said, "has gone through that"

that "
Crossing the room, again I turned the handle. This time without result—the door was locked. I rapped against the panels. Instantly some one addressed me from within.

"Who's that?"
The voice, to my surprise, and also somewhat to my discomforture, was a woman's.

"Excuse me, but might I say one word to the gentleman who has just entered the room?"

"What's that?" Who are you?"

"Pm the gentleman who came down with him in the train."

"What?"

The door opened. A woman appeared—the

"What?"

"What?"

The door opened. A woman appeared—the lady whom the waiter had said he believed was a Mrs. Jaynes, and who had advanced that curious theory about a mask being made to imitate the human face. Size had a dressing jacket on, and her glorious hair was flowing loose over her shoulders. I was so surprised to see her that for a moment I was tongue-tied. The surprise seemed to be mutual, for, with a pretty air of bewilderment, stepping back into the room she partially closed the door.

"I thought it was the waiter. May I ask, it, what it is you want?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons; but might I just have one word with vour husband?"

"With whom, sir?"

"Your husband."

"My husband?"

Again throwing the door wide open, she stood

Again throwing the door wide open, she stood

with when, size "a work work with your husband?"

"Your husband."

"Your husband."

"Again throwing the door wide open, she stood and stared at me.

"I don't know if you intend an impertinence, sit, or merely a jest.

"I don't know if you intend an impertinence, sit, or merely a jest.

"I lost sex, madam, in the corridor, a gestly-man with whom I travelled yearnay with the property of the turned into your sitting-raum. When I do turned in the your sitting-raum. When I can the turned into your sitting-raum. When I can the turned into your sitting-raum. When I can the turned in the your sitting-raum. When I can the turned in the your sitting-raum. When I can the turned in the your sitting-raum. When I can the turned in the your sitting-raum. When I can the turned in the lotel. As for my husband, my instant in the lotel. As for my husband, my instant in the lotel. As for my husband, my instant in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel has been dear three years.

"And of the serimage turn into the outer of the lotel." If my man entoes illustration in the lotel is my intended to the serimage turn in the lotel, which is the lotel in the lotel, and the serimage turn in the control of the lotel is my intended to the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, my instant the lotel is my intended to the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is my intended to the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is my intended to the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is my intended to the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is my intended to the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is my intended to the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is lotely in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is lotely in the lotel in the lotel. As for my husband, in the lotel is lotely in the lotel in the upon my cheek. Looking swiftly round, I saw, almost touching mine, the face of the creature which I had seen, but only for an instant, in

"Are you ill?"

"Are you fil?"

"I am a little tired."

"You look as though you had seen a ghost.
I am sure you are not well."

I did not feel well. I felt as though I had seen a ghost, and something worse than a ghost.
I had found my way back to the hotel—how, I searcely knew. The first person I met was Mrs. Jaynes. She was in the garden, which ran all round the building. My appearance seemed to occasion her arxiety.

to occasion her anxiety.

"I am sure you are not well. Do sit down!
Let me get you something to drink?"

"Thanks. I think I will go to my own room.
I have not been very well lately. A little upsets me."

Thanks. I think I will lately. A little upsets me."

She seemed reluctant to let me go. Her solicitide was flattering; though if there had been a little less of it I should have been equally content. She even offered me her arm. That I laughingly declined. I was not quite in such a niteous plight as to be in need of that. At last I escaped her. As I entered my sitting-room some one rose to greet me. It was Mr. Davis.

"Mr. Fountain, are you not well?"

My apucarance seemed to strike him as it had struck the lady.

"I have had a shock. Will you ring the bell and order me some brandy?"

"A shock?" He looked at me curiously. "What sort of a shock?"

"I will tell you when you have ordered the brandy. I really arm in need of something to revive me. I fancy my reryous system must be altogether out of order."

He rang the bell. I sank into an easy chair, really grateful for the support which it afforded me. Although he sat still, I was conscious that his eyes were on me all the time. When the waiter had brought the brandy Mr. Davis gave reins to his curiosity.

"I heve that nothing serious has happened."

"It depends upon whats you call serious." I paused to allow the spirit to take effect. It did me good. "You remember what I told you about the strange sound which was uttered by the creature which robbed me in the train. I have heard that sound again."

"Indeed?" He observed me attentively. I had thought he would be scentical; he was not. "Can you describe the sound?"

"It is difficult to describe, though when it is once heard it is impassible not to recognize if when it is heard quain." I shuddered as I thought of it. "It is like the cry of some will beast when in a state of frenzy—just a short, jerky, half-strangled yelp."

"May I ask what were the circumstances under which you heard it?"

I took another driah of brandy. I fancy that Mr. Davis saw how even the mere recollection affected me.

"Do you think that your assailant could by any possibility have been a woman?"

"Was the face you saw anything like that?"

H seemed reluctant to let me go. Her selici-

"A woman!"

"Was the face you saw anything like that?"

He produced from his pocket a pocketbook, and from the pecketbook a photograph. He handed it to me. I regarded it intently. It was not a good photograph, but it was a strange one. The more I looked at it the more it grew upon me that there was a likeness—a dim and fugitive likeness, but still a likeness to the tace which had glared at me only half an hour before.

"Rut surely this is not a woman?"

"Tell me. first of all, if you trace in it any resemblance."

"Tell me, first of all, it you trace in to any
resemblance."
"I do, and I don't. In the portrait the face,
as I know it, is grossly flattered, and yet in the
portrait it is sufficiently hideous."
Mr. Davis stood up. He seemed a little gxeited.
"I believe I have hit it!"
"You have hit it?"
"The portrait which you hold in your hand is
the portrait of a criminal lunatic who escaped
last week from Broadmoor."
"A criminal lunatic!"
"A criminal lunatic!"

"A criminal lunatic."

As I looked at the portrait I perceived that it was the face of a lunatic.

"The woman-for it is a woman-is a perfect devil, as artful as she is wicked. She was there during Her Majesty's pleasure for a murder which was attended with details of horrible

cruelty. She was more than suspected of having had a hand in other crimes. Since that portrait was taken she deliberately burned her face with a red-hot poker, disfiguring herself almost beyond

a red-not paper, testing recognition."

"There is another circumstance which I should mention, Mr. Davis. Do you know that this morning I saw the young gentleman, too?"

The detective stared. "The detective stared.
"What young gentleman?"
"The young fellow who of into the train at Swinden, and who offered me his flask."
"You saw him! Where?"

Swinden, and who offered me his flask.

"You saw him: Where?"

"Here, in the hotel."

"The devil you did! And you spoke to him?"

"I tried to."

"And he heoked it?"

"That is the odd part of the thing. You will say there is something odd about everything I tell you, and, I must confess, there is. When you left me tris morning I wrote a letter; when I had written it I left the room. As I was going along the corridor I saw in front of me the young man who was with me in the train."

"You are sure it was he?"

"You are sure it was he?"
"Certain! When first I saw him he had his back to me. I suppose he heard me coming. Any-how, he turned, and we were face to tace. The recognition, I believe, was mutual, because as I

advanced——"

"He cut his lucky?"

"He turned into a room upon his right."

"Of course you followed him?"

"I did. I made no bones about it. I was not three seconds after him, but when I entered the

room was empty. "Empty!"
"It was an ordinary sitting-room like this, but
on the other side of it there was a door. I tried
that door. It was locked. I rapped with my
knuckles. A woman answered."
"A woman!" She not only answered, she came

"Was she anything like that portrait?"

I laughed. The idea of instituting any comparison between the horror in the portrait and that vision of health and loveliness was too

"Robbed?"

"Did you notice anybody get into the carriage when you, as you say, got out?"

"Not that I am aware of. You know it was pretty dark. Why, good graciaous! is it possible that after all it wasn't my imagination?".

"What wasn't your imagination?".

"He came closer to me—so close that he touched my sleeve with his gloved hand.

"Do you know why I left the carriage when I did?" I left it because I was bothered by the thought that there was some one in it besides us two."

"Some one in it besides us two?" "Some one in it besides us two?"
"Some one underneath the seat. I was dozing
off as you were doing. More than once I woke up
under the impression that some one was twitching
at my legs beneath the seat, pinching them—even

at my legs beneath the seat, pinching them—even pricking them."

"Did you not look to see if any one was there?" "You will laugh at me, but—I suppose I was silly—something restrained me. I preferred to make a bolt of it, and become the victum of my

own imagination.

"You left me to become the victim of something besides your imagination, if what you say is cor-

All at once the stranger made a dart at the table All at once the stranger made a dart at the table. I suppose he had seen the portrait lying there, because, without any soit of ceremony, he picked it up and stared at it. As I observed him, commenting inwardly upon the fellow's coolness, I distinctly saw a shudder pass all over him. Possibly it was a shudder of aversion because, when he had stared his fill, he turned to me and askel:

"Who, may I ask, is this hideous-looking creature?"

That is a criminal lunatic who has escaped

"That is a criminal lunatic who has escaped from Broadmoor—one Mary Brooker."

"Mary Brooker! Marv Brooker! Marv Brooker's face will haunt me for many a day."

He laid the portrait down hesitatingly, as if it had for him some dreadful fescination which made him reluctant to let it go. Wholly at a loss what to say or do, whether to detain the man or to permit him to depart, I turned away and moved across the room. The instant I did so I heard behind me the sharp, frenzied yelp which I had heard in the train, and which I had heard again when I had been looking at the sea in front of Hesketh Crescent. I turned as on a pivot. The young man was staring at me.

"Did you hear that?" he said.

"Hear It! Of course I heard it."

"Good God!" He was shuddering so that it

"Hear it! Of course I heard it."

"Good God!" He was shuddering so that it eemed to me that he could scarcely stand. "Do on know that it was that sound coming from inderneath the scat in the carriage which made make a bolt of it? I-Pm afraid you must scaise me. There—there's my card. I-Pm staying at the Eoyal. I will perhaps look you up

gain to-morrow.

Before I had recovered my presence of mind ufficiently to interfere, he had moved to to interfere, he had moved to and was out of the room. As out Mr. Davis entered; they must brushed each other as they passed.
I forgot the portrait of that Brooker woman,

Davis began. Why didn't you stop him?" I exclaimed. "Step whom?" "Didn't you see him-the man who just went

"Why should I stop him? Isn't he a friend of

"He's the man who travelled in the cathed with me from Swindon."
Davis was out of the room like a flash of lightning. When he returned he returned alone.

"Where is he?" I demanded.

"That's what I should like to know." Mr. Davis wiped his brow. "He must have travelled at the rate of about sixty miles an hour—he's nowhere to be seen. Whatever made you let him

"He has left his eard. I took it up. It was inscribed 'George Etherenee, Coliseum Club.' He says he is staying at the Royal Hotel. I don't believe he had anything to do with the robbery. He came to me in the most natural manner possible to inquire for a cigar-case which he left behind him in the carriage. He says that while I was sleeping he changed carriages at Exeter because he suspected that some one was underneath the seat." "He says that he did not look to see if anybody was actually there because—well, something restrained him.
"I should like to have a little conversation with

that young gentleman.

"I believe he speaks the truth, for this reason. While he was talking there came the sound which I have described to you before."

"The sort of bark?"

"The sort of bark. There was nothing to show from whence it came. I declare to you that it seemed to me that it came out of space. I never saw a man so frightened as he was. As he stood trembling just where you are standing now he stammered out that it was because he had heard that sound come from underneath the seat in the carriage that he had decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and instead of gratifying his curiosity, had chosen to retreat."

Table d'hote had commenced when I sat down. My right-hand neighbor was Mrs. Jaynes. She asked me if I still sufered any ill effects from my fatigne.

"I sappose," she said, when I assured her that all ill effects had passed away, "that you have not thought of anything of what I spoke to you this morning—about my theory of the mask?"

I confessed that I had not.

"You should. It is a subject which is a crotchet of mine, and to which I have devoted many years—many curious years of my life."

"I own that personally I do not see exactly where the interest comes in."

"No? Do me a favor. Come to my sitting-room after dinner, and I will show you where the interest comes in."

"How do you mean?"

interest comes in."

"How do you mean?"

"Come and see."

She amused me. I went and saw. Dinner being finished, her proceedings when together we entered her apartment—that apartment which in the morning I thought I had seen entered by my fellow-passenger—took me a little by surprise.

"Now, I am going to make you my confidant—you, an entire stranger—you, whom I never saw in my life before this morning. I am a judge of character, and in you I feel that I may place implicit confidence. I am going to show you all my secrets: I am going to induct you into the hidden mysteries; I am going to induct you into the hidden mysteries; I am going to induct you into the hidden mysteries; I am going to jou, that I have confidence in you, that I have confidence in all the world besides, so before we begin, if you please, I will lock the door."

As she was suiting the action to the word, I ventured yo remonstrate.

"But, my dear madam, don't you think—"

"I think nothing, I know that I don't wish to be taken unawares, and to have published what I have devoted the better portion of my life to keeping secret."

"But if these matters are of such a confidential mature, I assure you—"

"My good sir, I lock the door."

"But if these matters are of such a confidential nature, I assure you—"
"My good sir, I lock the door."
She did, I was sorry that I had accepted so hastily 'e'r invitation, but I yielded. The door was locked. Going to the fireplace she leaned her arm upon the mantel-shelf.

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked, "what possibilities might be open to us if, for instance, Smith could temporarily become Jones?"

"I don't q fite follow you," I said. I didn't.

"Suppose that you could at will become another person, and in the character of that other person could move about unrecognized among your friends, what lessons you might learn?"

"I suspect," I murmured, "that they would for the most part be lessons of a decidedly unpleasant kind."

"Carry the idea a step further. Think of the

ure out the tea into the teanot.
"We always carry our own tea with us. Neither

my daughter nor I care for the tea which they give you in hotels."

I meekly acquiesced. To tell the fruth, I was a triffe bewildered. I had had no idea that Mrs. Jaynes was accompanied by her mother. Had not the old lady come out of the room immediately after the young one had gone into it I should have suspected a trick-that I was being made the subject of experiment with the mysterious "mask."

As it was, I was more than half inclined to ask her if she was really what she seemed to be. But I decided—as it turned out most unfortunately—to keep my own counsel and to watch the sequence of events. Pouring me out a cup of tea, the old lady sented herself on a low chair in front of the fire.

e. "My daughter thinks a great deal of her experiments. I hope you will not encourage her. She quite frightens me at times. She says such dread-

quite frightens me at times. She says such dreadful things."
I sipped my tea and smiled.
"I don't think there is much cause for fear."
"No cause for fear when she tells one that she might commit a murder; that a hundred thousand people might see her do it, and that not by any possibility could the crime be brought home to last."

"Perhaps she exaggerates a little."
"Do you think that she can hear?"
The old lady glanced round in the direction of

The old lady glanced round in the direction of the bedroom door.

"You should know better than I. Perhaps it would be as well to say nothing which you would not like her to hear."

"But I must tell some one. It frightens me. She says it is a dream she had."

"I don't think, if I were you, I would pay much attention to a dream."

The old lady rose from her seat. I did not altogether like her manner. She came and seed in gether like her manner. She came and stood in front of me, rubbing her hands nervously, one over the other. She certainly seemed considerably dis-

urbed. "She came down yesterday from London, and

"She came down yesterday from London, and she says she dreamed that she tried one of her experiments—in the train."

"In the train!"
"And in order that her experiment might be thorough, she robbed a man."
"She robbed a man."
"She robbed a man."
"The old lady held out my watch and chain! It was unmistakable. The watch was a hunter. I could see that my crest and monogram were engravel upon the case. I stood up. The strangest part of the affair was that when I gained my feet it seemed as though something had happened to my legs—I could not move them. Probably something in my demeanor struck the old lady as strange. She smiled at me.

"What is the matter with yon? Why do you look so funny?" she exclaimed.

"That is my watch and chain—yours! Then why don't you take them?"

She held them out to me in her extended palm. She was not six feet from where I stood, yet I could not reach them. My feet seemed glued to the floor.

"I—I cannot move. Something has happened to

my legs."

"Perhaps it is the tea. I will go and tell my daughter."

Before I could say a word to stop her she was gone. I was fastened like a post to the ground. What had happened to me was more than I could say. It had all come in an instant. I felt as I had felt in the railway carriage the day before—as though I were in a dream. I looked around me. I saw the teacup on the little table at my side. I saw the flickering fire. I saw the shaded lamps; I was conscious of the presence of all these things, but I say them as if I saw them in a dream. A sense of nausea was stealing over me—a sense of horror. I was afaid of I knew not what. I was unable to ward off or to control my fear.

I cannot say how long I stood there—certainly some minutes—helpless, struggling against the preasure which seemed to weigh upon my brain. Suddenly, without any sort of warning, the bedroom door opened, and there walked into the room the young man who before dinner had visited me in my own apartment, and who yesterday had travelled with me in the train. I can'd see that is his shirt, front were my stude. When he raised

ness, stood right in front of me. I could see that in his shirt-front were my studs. When he raised his hands I could see that in his wristbands were my links. I could see that he was woaring my watch and chain. He was actually holding my

watch in his hand when he addressed me.

"I have only half a minute to spare, but I wanted to speak to you about—Mary Brooker. I saw her portrait in your room—you remember? She's what is called a criminal lunatic, and she's escaped from Broadmoor. Let me see, I think it was a week to-day—and just about this time—no, it's now a quarter to nine; it was just after nine." He slipped my watch into his waisteent pocket. "She's still at large, you know. They're on the lookout for her all over England, but she's still at large. They say she's a lunatic. There are lunatics at Broadmoor, but she's not one. She's no more a lunatic than you or 1!"

He touched me lightly on the chest. Such was my extreme disgust at being brought into physical contact with him that even before the slight pressure of his fingers my legs gave way from under me and I sank back into my chair.

"You're not asleep?"

"No," I said, "I'm not asleep."

Even in my stupefied condition I was conscious of a desire to leap up and take him by the throat. Nothing of this, however, was purtrayed upon my face. Or, at any rate, he showed no signs of being struck by it.

"She's a misunderstood genius, that's what Mary Brooker is. She has her tastes and people do not understand them. She likes to kill—to kill! One of these days she means to kill herself, but in the meantime she takes a pleasure in killing others."

Seating himself on a corner of the table at my

Senting himself on a corner of the table at my

me to see. "Good-night."

why hand. "A man like that would searcely have walked searcely and the search and

be the parts I played. Not only across the footlights, not only with a certain amount of space
between my audience and me, not only for the
passing hour, but, if I chess, for ever and for ave,
So all through the years I rehearsed these parts
when I was not engaged upon the masks. Then,
they thought, was madness in another chase. One
of the parts," she came closer to me; her voice
became shriller—"one of the parts was that of an
old woman. Have you seen her? She is in the
fire," She jerked her thumb in the direction of
the fireplace. "Her part is played—she had to
see that the tea was drank. Another of the parts
was that of a young gentleman. Think of my
playing the man? Absurd. For there is that
about a woman which is not to be disguised. She
always reveals her sex when she puts on men's
clothes. You noticed it, did you not—when, before dinner, he came to you; when you saw him
in the corridor this morning; when you saw him
in the corridor this morning; when you saw him
in the corridor this morning; when you saw him
in the corridor this morning; when you saw him
in the corridor this morning; when yesterday he
spent an hour with you in the train? I know you
noticed it because of these."

She drew out of her pecket a handful of things.

she drew out of her pecket a handful of things She drew out of her pecket a handful of things. There were my links, my studs, my watch and chain, other preperties of mine. Although the influence of the drug which had been administered to me in the tea was passing off. I felt, even more than ever, as though I were an actor in a dream.

"The third part which I chese to play was the part of—Mrs. Jaynes!"

Clasping her hands behind her back, she posed in front of me in an attitude which was essentially dramatic.

closed about my neck. I could not shake her off.

She was strangling me.

She would have strangled me—she nearly did.

When, attracted by the creature's hideous cries, which were heard from without, they forced their way into the room, they found me lying unconscious, and, as they thought, dead, upon the floor. For days I hung between life and death. When life did come back again Mary Brooker was once more an inmate of Her Majesty's bouse of detention at Broadmoor.—(Gentleman's Magazine.

and about the supposed cycle.

The special observation of New Year's Day has become so universal that many persons instinctively think of January 1 as in some way a necessary beginning of calendar time. This, of course, is not the case. New Year's Day is purely arbitrary, and the year has begun

others."

Seating himself on a corner of the table at my side, allowing one foot to rest upon the ground, he swung the other in the air.

"She's a bit of an actress, too. She wanted to go upon the stage, but they said that she was mad. They were jealous, that's what it was. She's the finest actress in the world. Her acting would deceive the devil himself—they allowed that even at Broadmoor. But she only uses her powers for acting to gratify her taste—for killing. It was only the other day she bought this knife."

He took, apparently, out of the bosom of his vest, a long, glittering, cruel-looking knife.

"It's sharp. Feel the point—and the edge." It's sharp. Feel the point—and the edge." The held it out toward me. I did not attempt to touch it. It is probable that I should not have succeeded even if I had attempted.

"You wou't? Well, perhaps you're right. It's not much fun killing people with a knife. A knife's all very well to use for cutting them up afterward, but she likes to do the actual killing with her own hands and nails. I shouldn't be supprised if, one of these days, she were to kill you. Perhaps to-night. It is a long time since she killed anyone, and she is hungry. Sorry I can't stay. But this day week she escaped from Broadmoor as the clocks had finished striking nine, and it only wanfs ten minutes you see."

He looked at my watch—even holding it out for me to see.

"Good-night."

me to see.

"Good-night."

With a careless nod he moved across the room, holding the glittering knife in his hand. When he reached the bedroom door he tarned and smilest. Raising the knife, he waved it toward me in the air. Then he disappeared into the inner room.

I was again alone-possibly for a minute or more; but this time it seemed to me that my solitude continued only for a few fleeting seconds. Perhaps the time went faster because I felt, or thought I felt, that the pressure on my brain was giving way; that I only had to make an effort of sufficient force to be myself again and free. The power of making such an effort was temporarily absent, but something within seemed to tell me that at any moment it might return. The bedroom door—that door which, even as I look back, seems to have been really and truly a door in some unpleasant dream—reopened. Mrs. Jaynes came out. With rapid strides she swept zeroes the room. She had something in her right hand which she threw upon the table.

She came closer, crouching forward, glaring at me with a 'manine's eyes. From her lips there came that hideous cry, half gasp, half yelp, which had haunted me since the day before I had heard it in my stupor in the train.

"I scratched you yesterday. I bit you. I sucked your blood. Now I will suck it dry, for you are mine."

She reckoned without her host. I had only sipped the tea. I had not, as I had doubtless been intended to do, emptied the cup. I was again master of myself: I was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to close. I meant to fight for life.

She came nearer to me und nearer, uttering all that time that blood-curdling sound which was so like the frenzied cry of some maddened animal. When her extended hands were ail but touching me I rose ap and took her by the throat. Sie had evidently supposed that I was still under the influence of the drug, because when I seized her she gave a shriek of astomshed tage. I had taken her unawares. I had her over on her back. But I soon found that I had undertaken more than I could carry through. She had not only the face of a devil; she had the strength of one. She flung me off as easily as though I were a child. In her turn she had me down upon my back. Her fingers closed about my neck. I could not shake her off. She was strangling me.

She would have strangled me—she nearly did. my legs."
Perhaps it is the tea. I will go and tell my

THE CALENDAR,

THIS IS AN ARBITRARY DAY.

Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, resurects an old and forgotten story apropos of the New Year. Some twenty students were celebrating the end of the year by a dinner. During the course of the dinner reference was made to the old belief that at the again, and the hope was expressed that at the end of the cycle they would all find themselves at the same hotel eating the same dinner. The landlord, who presided, expressed his profound conviction that they would thus meet again, and proposed the loast "Till We Meet Again." This suggested a brilliant thought to the student who had been deputed to pay the bill. and, addressing the landlord, he proposed that the bill be allowed to stand until the next reunion. The landlord was somewhat taken aback, but he was true landlord was somewhat taken above, but as the cashler to his convictions and consented. But as the cashler was joyfully putting the money back in his pocket a brilliant thought occurred to the landlord also, and he said: "Since we shall be as to-day 30,000 years hence, were therefore as to-day 30,000 years ago!" "Withwe were therefore as to-day 30,000 years ago !" out doubt," exclaimed everybody. "Very well, gentle-men," pursued the landlord, "then you asked credit of men," pursued the landlord, "then you asked credit of me then as you have to-day. Pay me for the dinner you had 30,000 years ago and I will wait 30,000 years for the amount due for this one." It was done, and during the rest of the evening there was nothing more

on many different days in various months. For a long period it was fixed at the Annunciation, March 25. And the inhabitants of Pisa followed this practice until as late as 1745. In another period Christmas was New Year's Day, and in another Easter was so regarded. In 1593 Charles IX adopted the Julian calendar and axed the beginning of the year on January 1. But many continued to follow the older Roman custom of beginning the year on March 1. As may be imagined, these different usages lead to inextricable confusion in reading the old chronicles. As Easter is movable feast, and can occur between April 25 and March 22, there are years which record almost two complete months of April, as, for instance, the year 1347. The most truly scientific date for the beginning of the year would be one of the equinoxes or one of the solstices. But any scientific reformation of the the solutions. But any scientific reformation of the calendar is hardly possible now, as the present arrangement has so firmly embedded itself in the recent history of the world. March 1 being the Roman New Year's Pay, September, October, November and December were rightly named, being respectively the seventh, cighth, ninth and tenth month in the year. July was so named in honor of Julius Caesar, who re-formed the calendar, making January 1 the beginning of the year. Then when Augustus became Emperor the next month was named August to please him. He

year 1999 belong to the distrenth century or to the twentieth? A little thought will give a clear answer to that question. The first year of the Christian era is known in history as the year 1, and not as the year o. Therefore the first century began with the year 1 and ended with the year 100. The second century began with the year 101 and ended with the year 200. The nineteenth century began with the year 1801 and will end on December 31, 1900. And therefore the twentleth century will begin on January 1, 1901. This is said by somebody at the beginning of every year, saying it. * peaking of the Christian era, if may be well to say that it was not in use for a long time after the birth of Christ. It was suggested in the sixth century by a monk named Denys, surnamed the Little, who lived in Rome, and who, it may be observed, would go by the name of Dennis Little if he were living to-day. His suggestion was not adopted until the year soo, and then by order of Charlemagne after adopted at this time there was an error of four years, which is perpetuated in our present date, the year 1802 being properly the year 1806. It is manifestly impossible to correct the error now, and besides it is not a matter of any real importance when our era Clasping her hands behind her back, she posed in front of me in an attitude which was essentially dramatic.

"Look at me well. Sean all my points. Appraise me. You said that I was beautiful. I substitute that you admired my hair, which flows loose upon my shoulders—she unloosed the fastenings of her bair so that it did flow loose upon her shoulders—the hair so that it did flow loose upon her shoulders—the hade why I have watched, and toiled, and ask me why I have watched, and toiled, and seemed to make the secret mine. "She stretched out her hand with an uneamy gesture." Because I wished to gratify my taste for killing. Yesterday I might have killed you; to-night I will. She did something to her head and dress. There was a rustle of drapery. It was like a conjuert's change. Mrs. Jaynes had gone, and instead there should seen in the train. The transformation in its entirety was wonderful. Mrs. Jaynes was a fine, stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the seribed it to Davis, the face of a devil—the face is had seen in the train. The transformation in its entirety was wonderful. Mrs. Jaynes was a fine, stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the prime of life. This was a lank, senagy creature, with short, gray hair—fifty if a day. The change extended even to the voice. Mrs. Jaynes had the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman, with a swelling bust and in the stately woman with a serior the day in the state of the swell woman in the high of the work and the state of the state o

A OTEEN'S GIFT.

From The London Queen.

The late Queen Oiga of Wurtemberg has left the Russian Elisabethgrad Dragoon Regiment, of which she was the head, all the silver plate which she had brought with her on her marriage and a sum of money, the Interest of which is to be devoted to defraying the cost of the education of the officers' children of that regiment. Paris letter to The Queen.

Mme. Albont's mansion was built by herself some years ago, the neighboring one, which she formerly inhabited, being also her property and now let to Prince Roland Bonaparte. It is a charming residence, and ther guests last Thursday found it full of beautiful flowers, the gifts of various friends and admirers. She has made Paris her headquarters stace 1840, when she first took up her abode in the Cours-la-Reine, and for the last few years, being somewhat lame, she has seldom left home, spending the winter there and the summer months in her Villa Cenerentola at Ville d'Avray, cultivating her flowers or amusing herself with needlework, at which she is an adept. She is fond of gathering friends about her and has a large circle of acquain/ance, among whom may be reckoned the Princesse Mathilde.